

THE QUIVER

Saturday, February 10, 1866.



"What were you asking her, Hetty?"—p. 323.

"THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE."

BY CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was an ugly rumour about Liverpool that things were not as they should be with the large banking establishment of "Hainworth, Lipscomb, and Hainworth." Merchants on 'change took one another by the button-hole, and whispered apart; the matter was discussed privately in many a family circle; and the report, which was supposed at one time to have been heard only by a

confidential few, spread in a very few hours, and travelled from the lips of merchants till it arrived at the ears of tradesmen.

The rumour was first heard on a Wednesday afternoon, and on Saturday morning, at a very early hour, the public entrance to the old bank was thronged by not a few panic-stricken depositors, and the private door of George Hainworth's house attached to the bank, besieged by several anxious tradesmen. The depositors had, naturally enough, taken fright at the mysterious and alarming report; and the tradespeople, in whose ledgers the name of George Hainworth appeared at the heading of a very large list of uncanceled entries, put two and two together, and got frightened as well.

George Hainworth sat in the private room attached to the counting-house of the bank, and he looked harassed, anxious, and annoyed. He had several times inquired of the messenger if anything had been heard or seen that morning of his partner, Mr. Lipscomb, and had as many times been answered in the negative. George Hainworth looked at his watch, and then took out some paper and tried to write; but, somehow or other, he did not seem able to collect his thoughts. Again he leaned back in his chair, and again his face bore an expression of anxiety and annoyance.

In a short time the messenger came in, and handed a card to Mr. Hainworth.

On the card was printed, "Mr. Charles Beresford," and underneath was scribbled in pencil, "Please let me see you, if only for a moment."

"Show the gentleman in."

The messenger retired, and ushered in a tall, thin man, who, at first sight, did not present a very respectable appearance. His clothes were sadly worn and threadbare, and the wide-awake he carried in his hand had got that greenish tinge which black wide-awakes are known to possess after hard wear and long service.

He hesitated as the door closed behind him, and seemed to look nervously towards the banker, who was still engrossed in his thoughts, as expecting some recognition.

At last George Hainworth looked up and roused himself, remembering he had invited the stranger in, and consented to an audience.

"I am sorry I cannot allow you to detain me long," said he, addressing Mr. Beresford, who still stood hesitating at the door; "for I have business of the utmost importance to transact this morning, and my time is very precious."

"Did they not tell you my name?"

"Certainly. I have your card by me; but you will pardon me if I confess that I don't think I have ever had the honour of seeing you before."

"Do you not recognise my face?"

"The features somehow seem to be familiar to

me, but I was never very good at remembering faces. Have we ever met, then?"

"We have, indeed. My name is Charles Beresford; and we were undergraduates together at Trinity, years ago."

"Ah, yes, I remember—of course, I remember you now distinctly; but you have altered a good deal since we last met."

"I have had much sorrow and suffering since then. Affliction and care tell upon a man, and scratch lines down his face. My life since I left Trinity has been a miserable one indeed; and all the time that you have been gradually ascending the ladder of fortune, I have been, little by little, descending to that most disagreeable of all pits—poverty. But I am glad you remember me, as I may possibly be able to recall to your mind passages of an old friendship which—"

"Quite so, quite so," interrupted Mr Hainworth, impatiently; "but some other time, perhaps, you will call and have a chat with me over old times. As I told you before, I am seriously engaged; and unless you have really something very important to say, I must beg—"

"All right, Hainworth, don't apologise; I ought to have expected all this. You are not the first by many of my old friends who has turned his back upon me, because I have got a seedy coat, and a begging story. But, indeed, old fellow, you cannot have the slightest idea of the misery of my life."

"Are you in great straits now?"

"I never was in such distress in all my life. I have literally only got a few shillings in the world. If it were only myself, Hainworth, I should not care; but in a miserable little attic in this miserable, heartless town, sits my wife, who has never murmured once through all our distress. It's a very hard struggle when gentlefolks come down in the world."

"I believe you thoroughly, and pity you with all my heart. Of course, it is not for me at such a time to upbraid you with want of prudence and foresight; but you have had a good education, and kind friends, and have seen enough of the world to know that it will not stand still while you are at play."

"That's just it; you've hit the right nail on the head at last. I fervently wish my father had brought me up to some honest trade, in which I could have taken an interest, and by which some of the energy which I know I do possess could have been developed. But no, that was not my fate. I was led to imagine that I could pass this life with my hands before me, and that it was not gentlemanly to work. My head was full of foolish, empty pride; and bitterly indeed have I suffered for it. Just at the time when I did not know the value of money, I came in for a few thousands, but

in a very few months it was recklessly squandered away; and my money was not only gone, but extravagant debts had accumulated. Then, as many a youngster has done before my time, I fell madly in love, and, trusting to a blind, impossible turn of the "wheel of fortune," and to some grand romantic future, I married, and had not only to support myself, but a wife, naturally very delicate, but whose strong love made me a better and a wiser man. Then came the will to work, the pluck which had lain idle so long, the burning enthusiasm, but the opportunity, where was that? How the failures, and refusals cut deep into my heart, and made it bleed! how terrible was my wife's pale, trusting face! how bitter my own despair! I tried my hand at doctoring, but my money was almost gone, and I dared not risk any more in paying fees and examination expenses. I could paint a little, and scribble a little; but in such matters as these an amateur has but little chance in competing with artists. No one would buy my pictures, and my "copy" was systematically returned. The horizon grew blacker and blacker every day. Instead of writing original matter, I had to sink a step lower. I was compelled to take to copying for so many pence a page, and drawing show-cards and advertisements for the shop-windows. I have tried everything, in fact; but my incompetency and ill luck have cruelly beaten me down at every turn, and have now almost taken the very bread out of my mouth. At the present moment I have no expectations, no money, no credit, hardly a roof over my head, and crushing down my pride, I have come to you to beg—not for money, mind you, I can do that in the streets when the time comes—I have come to you to put me in the way of getting some employment, or to ask you to employ me yourself. I don't want to beg for a clerkship, or to annoy you by spoiling your ledgers. Give me something to do as a messenger, or something of that sort; anything, in fact—anything, so that I can go home at night with something like a clear conscience, and not feel, as I do now, that I am starving my darling wife."

Charles Beresford was a tall, bearded man, but he sank into a chair and sobbed like a child.

There was silence in the room for some time, but at last the banker replied—

"It's the old, old story, I'm afraid. Young men are brought up in a false position, get money, and squander it, and then come begging to hard-working folks to help them. You must know, of course, that I have plenty of calls on my purse, and ties of my own which I cannot possibly neglect. Besides, you begin by owning your incompetency, and then turn round and ask me for work."

Charles Beresford raised his head from his hands, and his countenance seemed suddenly to light up

with something like fire. There was a nervous twitching in his hands, then in his throat, as if swallowing something, and at last the colour died away in his face again, and he was calm. He had checked a fierce outburst of rage.

"I had thought my confession was humiliating enough without taunts from you," he said.

"What can I possibly do?" began Mr. Hainworth; "I have no occupation to offer you myself, and I know of no situation to which I could recommend you."

"Then you refuse my request?"

"No, I don't refuse: I will promise to think over it. Have you got no relations to appeal to?"

"Only an uncle that I know of, and he is in America. I have written to him frequently, and received no answer."

"Well, come again in a day or two—say a month—and I will think it over, and see what can be done."

After saying this, George Hainworth nodded, and muttering to himself, went into the large counting-house.

Charles Beresford was left alone. "'Come again in a month,' he said; and how am I and Hetty to live the while? And this is the man who pretended to call himself my friend—the friend to whom I have lent, yes, given money, scores and scores of times. Ah, me! the way of the world, I suppose."

There was a noise of talking outside the private door which led from George Hainworth's house to his office. The door was half opened, and Charles Beresford heard these words:

"I will ask my husband about it, and beg very hard. Just go into his office and wait a moment, and I will find him and plead your cause."

"Oh, thank you, madam! I shall never be sufficiently grateful."

The door quite opened now, and a fair young woman entered the room. She started when she saw Charles Beresford's back. He turned round, and they both exclaimed at once—

"Hetty!"

"Charlie!"

"What are you doing here, my darling?"

"I was—I don't—"

"What were you asking her, Hetty? what were you thanking her for? Come, answer, my own."

"I will tell you all, Charlie. Whenever you have gone out, I have slipped away and begged employment at all the milliners' shops. They only put one question, 'Have you ever done anything of the kind before?' Of course I have not. They all regretted to be obliged to refuse. I could not stand this disappointment any longer, and I was determined to ask for some work that I could do. I have been begging for the situation of lady's maid to Mrs Hainworth."

"You a lady's maid, Hetty! a servant to the wife of that man? Never while I live!"

"But why not? Do you know Mr. Hainworth, then? I never heard you mention his name before. What do you know against him? Mrs. Hainworth was so kind to me, and it is nearly all arranged. Do you think it wise to refuse now, Charlie? Reflect, there's a good boy. It is very terrible, but we must not be proud any more, you know."

"Listen, Hetty, and you shall decide. George Hainworth was my intimate friend for five years at college. I came to him, and told my miserable story. I begged, not for money, but for the meanest employment he could give me. He treated me like a dog, and upbraided me for being a spendthrift—

this man! who feasted and lived upon me; this man! who helped to spend my money like a gentleman—he turned his back upon me, and would not shake me by the hand, because I had got on a ragged coat. I told him we were starving, and he never offered to lend me a sixpence; but he said I might come again, and he would think the matter over. And you ask me to let you receive wages from this fellow! Will you be a lady's maid to George Hainworth's wife?"

Hetty Beresford's heart gave a great bound.

"Charlie! I would sooner beg in the streets," she said. And then they both left George Hainworth's office together.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ST. JAMES THE LESS, A TYPE OF ADMINISTRATIVE GIFTS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.



ST. JAMES THE LESS, one of the four sons of Cleopas, otherwise called Alphæus, and of Mary the sister of the Virgin, according to some; or else the son of the Virgin herself, according to others—is styled "the Lord's brother," and was unquestionably a near kinsman of Jesus. He was surnamed "Justus," on account of the high-toned purity and integrity of his life; and was so generally esteemed, alike by Christian and non-Christian contemporaries, that Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome affirm that Josephus—a Jewish, and therefore no partial historian—recorded it as the common opinion of the day, that the sufferings of the Jews, and the destruction of their city and Temple, were owing to God's wrath against them for the murder of so eminent a saint. The passages cited by those fathers are no longer extant in the works of Josephus, having probably incurred the fate of other missing clauses. St. James is said to have been a priest, and to have kept the rigid law of the Nazarites from his birth. Thus the foundation of his influence as a ruler was laid in personal character. Men are disposed, almost instinctively, to yield to conscious superiority, physical or moral. That early contention of the apostles, "which of them should be the greatest," was never formally decided, otherwise than as their Master indicated, when he "placed a child in the midst of them," implying that he whose character most nearly assimilated the spirit of a little one should be the great one among them. In personal holiness, and simplicity of faith, St. James seems the earliest of the twelve who attained any prominent position among the rest of the apostles. Hence, at the first council of the Church, held at Jerusalem, A.D. 51,

St. James illustrated the maxim, "Before honour is humility," by delivering his opinion last of all. But on that opinion the sentence of the rest was based. If not nominally presiding over the council, as he probably did, his wisdom and discretion swayed their decision. Though himself a rigid observer of the ceremonies and laws of Moses, and solicitous of engaging others, at least of his countrymen, to do so, yet, as he said in Acts xv. 28, with Christian converts from the Gentiles the case was different. "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you" (Gentiles) "no greater burden than these necessary things." This was the large-hearted candour and justice of a man whose "ruling of his own spirit" qualified him to rule over other men's. The fact of his near relationship to our Lord might naturally have pointed him out as his successor in the visible headship of his Church; but James never presumed upon his affinity to Jesus—never alludes to it, though, as the eldest of the four brothers, judging he was so from the order in which they are named—viz., James and Joses, Simeon and Jude, by the right of inheritance in primogeniture, the leadership of the community of Jesus should have naturally descended to James. But his position in the mother church at Jerusalem was rather acknowledged by others than assumed by himself. Hence at Paul's second visit to Jerusalem, after that apostle's conversion, in Gal. ii. 9, he describes James as one of the three "who seemed to be pillars;" having stated, in the preceding chapter (ver. 19), that on his first visit to see Peter, "other of the apostles saw I none, save James the Lord's brother." In 1 Cor. xv. 7, Paul also mentions the distinction with which the Lord honoured his lowly-minded kinsman by specially appearing to him, probably on the eighth day after his resurrection.

St. Luke, in Acts xxi. 18, describes Paul entrusting the collections of the saints in Judea for the relief of their brethren in Jerusalem, to "James and all the elders present," constituting the saintly Bishop of Jerusalem, the treasurer-general of the Church's alms. The respect with which he had inspired Peter also, is manifest from the fact, that on that apostle's deliverance from prison, in Acts xii. 12, he at once repaired to the house of Mary—the mother of St. Mark—"where many were gathered together praying;" and James being absent, Peter desired them to "go and show these things to James, and to the brethren;" obviously reporting his deliverance to James, as the ruling elder of the Church. Peter's feeling towards James was one of more than respect, it had an element of awe in it, which at one time tempted Peter into a misconception of Christian liberty. He was aware how punctilious an adherent to Jewish ceremonial James, as a Jew, was; notwithstanding his forbearing to insist upon Mosaic observances by the Gentile converts. Peter, in his usual impulsive ardour of affection for the brotherhood, "ate with the Gentile Christians at Antioch," as he had a right to do; "but when certain (believers) came from James, Peter withdrew, and separated himself, *"fearing them who were of the circumcision;"* i.e., fearing the Jews, lest, on their return to Jerusalem, they should report the fact of his consorting with Gentiles to his strictly Levitical brother apostle. The dissimulation, and not the act, was what St. Paul blamed. But the dissimulation is an indirect evidence of the awe with which the personal sanctity of James had inspired Peter, and an act of no ordinary homage to his authority.

The epistle which bears the name of James was obviously not written by the elder James, because the latter was beheaded about A.D. 42 or 44; and the errors and vices censured therein belonged to a later date; besides, the destruction of Jerusalem is spoken of as an event near at hand (chap. v. 8, 9).

The scope of the epistle, exhibiting the inefficacy of faith without corresponding works, is an admirable delineation of the practical mind of the inspired writer. Instead of the usual apostolic salutation at the beginning of an epistle, and the benediction at its close—both which being omitted led some to suppose the author of this epistle was not an apostle—St. James describes himself simply as the "SERVANT of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ." With this self-abasement in the sight of God is combined, in judicious terms, an authoritative teaching, as became a ruler of the Church, encouraging their virtues, and denouncing carnal vices among all classes of men. As to any apparent discrepancy between the theology of St. Paul and that of St. James, the one insisting upon justification by faith without works, and the other, on justification by faith with works, the former

only states the doctrine of which the latter describes the practice. It has been said, St. Paul speaks of that faith which is the gift of God; St. James speaks of the faith which a man assumes of himself. St. Paul takes the case of a man who *has* faith, St. James supposes that of a man who *says* he has faith. St. Paul affirms the faith which justifies the soul; St. James insists on the works which justify or verify the faith.

The grand principle which both Paul and James held in common, and which fully reconciles their teaching, is opened in the passages, Rom. ii. 13, "For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified;" and St. James's expression of the same truth, in chap. i. 25, "But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall he blessed in his deed."

St. James's epistle, with those of Peter, John, and Jude, is called a catholic, or "general" epistle, because it is not addressed, like those of Paul, to any particular city or nation, but to believers everywhere. It is the earliest instance of any one apostle assuming the right of addressing the Church at large. In the other sense of the term catholic—viz., the fact of the writing to which it is prefixed being everywhere received as inspired, catholic became synonymous with canonical. Thus the title of "General" Epistle, which the unanimous consent of the Church has conferred upon the Epistle of James, is at once an endorsement of its canonicity, and an enhancement of the authority of the writer; and that, not because it was what the Bishop of Jerusalem wrote, but what God inspired. The principle common to all the inspired writers was, "It is not you that speak, but the Holy Ghost that speaketh in you."

It was no presumption, but a loyal recognition of the Holy Spirit's sole prerogative to regulate the Church's doctrine and discipline, which suggested St. James's formula in announcing the decision of the council—viz., "*It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us;*" to us, because it seemed good to Him; to us, as his ordained channels of communication with the Church at large; to us, as examples to believers, where they should look for Divine teaching, and for the sole final standard of the *Christian faith*. If we appeal to the Holy Spirit, so should you, praying always for his Divine guidance and direction in what you believe, and how you should live in God's faith and fear. The words were conceived in the right spirit of a father in Christ, ruling the Church in his Master's name. It was the voice of an ambassador for Christ, as though God did beseech them by him. Regarded simply in a diplomatic light, it was a stroke of administrative genius, sheltering its proclamations behind a supreme authority, which carried with it an *à priori* force

and sanction that could not be lightly gainsaid. The appeal of the ruler is the sample for the ruled. If St. James refer his decision to the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit, let all Christians to the end of time acknowledge, seek, and rest on Him, and Him only, as their Divine, and only safe teacher. Human instructors may have a personal motive, in which none but themselves, or merely human policies are interested, or they may be ignorant; certainly are not infallible; but the Holy Spirit has, and can have, no motive but the interests of truth and righteousness, and the gracious, loving, merciful profit of fallen and unhappy man.

St. James based the catholic and perpetual rule of the Church on this glorious principle—viz., the invisible headship of God; and had the Church never swerved from that fundamental article of faith, no false doctrine, heresy, nor schism would ever have defiled the pages of ecclesiastical history. The Church would have abode in purity, as the bride of Christ, and Christians of all times, and of all countries, like the primitive disciples, "would have continued steadfast in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship." The spotless robe of truth, like that of its Divine Author, would never have been rent by unhappy divisions, but remained entire, "without a seam, from the top throughout." The Lord's coat was all "of one piece," but the Church's "raiment was of divers colours," to intimate the perfect compatibleness of unity with the former, without uniformity in the latter. What we should all aim at in earnest prayer, and study of God's Word, is to be, and to live, one with Christ; and then a true unity with his people follows as a consequential issue.

St. James's government of the Church is eminently exemplary in the sinking of all personal prominence, in the conscientious discharge of his functions. Instead of the long, weary series of papal canonisations, periodical appointments of festivals, and promulgations of dogmas and traditions of men for the commandments of God, by which successive bishops of Rome have sought to signalise their pontificate, the only monument of St. James's patriarchate is the faithful, practical, earnest exposition and inculcation of Christian life and doctrine contained in his epistle. In its inspired clauses breathes a perpetual echo of the

eminently practical teachings of his Divine Lord and Master. The author of the epistle is lost sight of in the sacred majesty of his subject, as the three disciples were hidden in the glory of the transfiguration.

In St. James's chapters Christ is what he should be in all his people's hearts and lives, their "all in all." So completely is the man concealed in his self-denying affiance to his Master, that though it is believed, on pretty sure evidence, that his epistle was written just before his martyrdom, which occurred about A.D. 62, St. James makes no reference to it, nor to any other single circumstance of his individual life. Eusebius states that when St. Paul's appeal to Rome rescued that apostle from the malice of the Jews, in their disappointment, they turned their rage on James, whom they cast headlong from a battlement of the Temple, and then beat him to death with a club.

They slew the just and righteous man, notwithstanding his reputation for piety among all the people, whether Jews or Gentiles—a piety to which even a jealous priesthood conceded the privilege of entering into the holy place, where his continual devotions had hardened his knees like the knees of a camel, from his incessant worshipping of God, and praying for the forgiveness of the people. His last testimony to Jesus, as he stood on the battlement, whence they threw him down to a martyr's death—a testimony which at the same moment signed his death-warrant and sealed his faith, was this: "The Son of man sitteth in the heaven, at the right hand of the Great Power, and will come in the clouds of heaven!" As he was not immediately killed by the fall, the Jews despatched him with stones, as a blasphemer. In the midst of the pitiless shower, he dragged up his mangled limbs into a kneeling attitude, and in the spirit, and almost in the words of his Lord and kinsman, he prayed: "I entreat thee, O Lord God the Father, *forgive them, for they know not what they do!*" and then he fell asleep in Jesus. We close with a beautiful passage in his epistle, strikingly illustrated in his own faithful and victorious conflicts with the powers of darkness, alike in life and death: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

A POEM WITH A MUTE MORAL.



THOUSAND years at the golden
gate
Of Paradise, a dervish laid;
He knelt to Allah, early, late,
By that long vigil undismayed;
Hoping, in spite of sharp despair

That came in pangs, to force his way
To heaven by humble, ceaseless prayer.
But, worn by passion, body and soul,
One hapless hour he fell asleep.

Then slowly opened heaven's doors,
And closed again. He woke to weep.

WALTER THORNBURY.

THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.—NO. I.

"Oh! the poor; few know how they live—
Still fewer how they die—
How life in them doth linger on
From morn till eve,
From eve till haggard morn."

TIS sometimes said, with a glow of satisfaction, that there need be no extreme destitution, no absolute want in the present day; that no man need be shelterless or foodless, at least in the metropolis; while in proof of this assertion the provisions of our Poor Laws are adduced, and a *couleur-de-rose* description given of those attractive apartments, the "casual wards," of our various workhouses. It may seem rude and uncourteous to contravene the conclusions of the well-to-do, comfortable gentlemen who thus speak; but the truth must be told in all its plainness, that, notwithstanding all that our Christian philanthropy has accomplished, there are thousands and tens of thousands, in our midst, that have to endure the gripping pangs of sheer hunger, and to do battle with the most extreme poverty, every day and hour of their wretched existence—

"Still in the lowest depth
A deeper depth is found."—

While we are enjoying, it may be, the comforts of our well-provided homes, and descanting philosophically on the crime or the absurdity of poverty, shifts are resorted to, privations are felt, sufferings are endured, and unavailing tears are shed, that, were we but to witness them, would effectually destroy our mistaken self-complacency, and prevent our standing by with folded hands, while human lives are sacrificed, human spirits crushed, and human hearts broken.

It is not our intention to support these statements by quoting statistics, although they lie close to our hand. In one of *Æsop's* fables, a dying man bids his sons break a bundle of sticks; a task which proves beyond their strength, until it is unbound, and each stick dealt with separately. We may learn a lesson here, although the very opposite to its original moral. In seeking to excite sympathy with the suffering class, whose cause we are anxious to plead, it is far better to describe individual, though, alas! not exceptional cases, than to present tabulated results and official returns; in other words, it is wiser to offer the philanthropist a few manageable sticks than the closely-bound bundle, which would probably be far beyond his powers. We accordingly purpose giving in successive numbers of *THE QUIVER*, a plain, minute, and faithful description—in each case the result of very careful personal observation

—of the haunts and refuges of poverty in the metropolis, so that our readers may be enabled to form a correct estimate of the true condition and actual wants of their wretched inhabitants.

The importance of our task can hardly be over-estimated. More than one writer has pointed out the sadly suggestive fact that the enormous wealth of London has, to a certain extent, sprung from causes which have actually deepened the misery and increased the privations of the poor. "All classes," it is said, "are merging into one of two—the indigent and the opulent. The chasm between the rich and the poor has widened, and is still widening." England's greatest splendour, and England's most abject poverty, have not inaptly been spoken of as the realisation of the poet's—

"First and last!—the immensely distant two!"

Now, it is just at this point, when the wealth and luxury of the upper classes intensify the penury of the lower, when the pampering of the few involves the degradation of the many, that the decadence of prosperous nations sets in, and the decline of mighty empires commences. Thus the French Revolution, which towards the close of the last century glutted Paris with blood, may be attributed as much to the extreme destitution of the people as to the profligacy of the nobles, or to the wild ravings of the infidel philosophers. At all events, it was their many privations that led the masses to resent the one and to embrace the other. Let us then take warning—

"There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonwealth,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies."

It will not meet the case to say that legal provision has been made, of which these unhappy persons should avail themselves; for that legal provision involves so much that is distasteful to them, is so opposed to those natural instincts, which even extreme poverty cannot eradicate from the human bosom, and, moreover, is so frequently embittered by the brutality of ignorant officials, and the unfeeling measures of those whom, as it were, in irony, we call the "Guardians of the Poor," that we cannot wonder they should flee from it, as from their most inveterate foe, hide themselves in holes and corners, and bear their hard fate uncomplainingly, until relieved, not by the parochial officer, but by that leveller of all social distinctions, grim Death himself.

If this should be regarded as too severe a stricture on the present system, we ask, How

on any other ground can we explain the well-known reluctance of the honest poor to go "into the house," or even to seek "outdoor relief?" How is it that men, aye, and women also, have been seen gnawing bones picked from the dust-heap? Impossible! the reader may cry. Not so. What will not hunger force a man to do? "The first day," said an industrious man to a Christian visitor, who found him, through lack of employment, in a starving condition—he had not tasted food for three days—"taint so werry bad if you has a bit of baccy; the second it's horrid, it is sich gnawing; the third day it aint so bad again—you feel sinkish like, and werry faintish!"

How is it that from time to time we read of persons dying in our streets of absolute starvation, dying, it may be, on the very door-step of some palatial mansion, within which unbounded plenty reigns? Only a short time since, an inquest was held on a woman who had died in the street, at which it was stated in the medical evidence that "she was worn to a perfect skeleton!" and yet at the moment of her death, an infant was vainly striving to obtain nourishment from her withered bosom! Was there not one among the thousands of affectionate mothers in the metropolis to step forward and save her from so terrible a doom? The last week in November there was an inquiry into the cause of the death of two persons, a man and his wife, whom the doctor found "delirious in one bed" in a room totally unfit for human habitation. These are not solitary instances of the "deeper depth"—would that they were. Scarcely a day passes without similar ones appearing in the columns of the journals; while the *Times*, when it rendered noble service to the cause of humanity, a little while back, by drawing public attention to the frightful amount of destitution existing in the metropolis, distinctly and emphatically declared, after narrating some most heartrending cases, that all London was full of such. This is our firm belief, hence the present series of papers. A distinguished writer puts the case thus powerfully in one of his great works, which, however, is far more truthful than some books seriously professing to be entirely so: "It is a remarkable Christian improvement, to have made a pursuing Fury of the good Samaritan; but it was so in this case, and it is a type of many, many, many. . . My lords, gentlemen, and honourable boards, when you in the course of your dust-shovelling and cinder-raking have piled up a mountain of pretentious failure, you must off with your honourable coats for the removal of it, and fall to the work with the power of all the queen's horses and all the queen's men, or it will come rushing down and bury us alive. Yes, verily, my lords, gentlemen, and honourable boards, adapting your catechism to the occasion, and, by God's help, so you must:

for when we have got things to the pass that, with an enormous treasure at our disposal to relieve the poor, the best of the poor detest our mercies, hide their heads from us, and shame us by starving to death in the midst of us, it is a pass impossible of prosperity, impossible of continuance. It may not be so written in the 'Gospel according to Pod-snappery;' you may not 'find these words' for the text of a sermon in the Returns of the Board of Trade, but they have been the truth since the foundations of the universe were laid, and they will be the truth until the foundations of the universe are shaken by the Builder. This boastful handiwork of ours, which fails in its terrors for the professional pauper, the sturdy breaker of windows, and the rampant tearer of clothes, strikes with a cruel and a wicked stab at the stricken sufferer, and is a horror to the deserving and unfortunate. We must mend it, lords, and gentlemen, and honourable boards, or in its own evil hour it will mar every one of us."

We are not so unreasonable as to imagine that all classes of society will eventually become merged in one, and the necessity to labour, now pressing on the millions be felt no longer; but we have a right to expect that this extreme privation, this utter destitution, this sheer hunger, this wilful neglect of the claims of the poor, this wicked waste of human life, shall ere long become things of the past, and be looked back upon with abhorrence and remorse. It will not, however, do for us to calmly wait until this happy change is effected by parochial clemency or imperial legislation. It is the testimony of one of themselves, that "guardians have become Stoics, and overseers brutalised;" and perhaps this should not be wondered at, when we consider the harshness of the law they have to administer. What is wanted is that, this dreary winter-time, we should individually think, rather of the claims which the poor have on our compassion, than of the duties which indigence imposes upon them: in fact, it is useless to talk to them of duties until we have relieved at least their most pressing necessities. Let us, for humanity's sake, satisfy the keen cravings of hunger, before we venture to lecture them on their want of thrift. It will also be found that in many cases only a little help is needed to set unwillingly idle hands in motion, and relieve honest hearts from suffering; for even as a small matter will stop the working of a complicated and magnificent machine, so some little obstacle may paralyse the industry of the bread-winner, and plunge a deserving family in the most fearful privations.

What is wanted is, that all who have "means" at their command should place themselves in brotherly contact with some of the destitute poor in their own immediate neighbourhood. It would probably awaken feelings long buried, to see the pinched cheek, the heavy eye, the



Drawn by G. J. PINWELL.]

[Engraved by J. D. COOPER.

"One hapless hour he fell asleep."—p. 326.

scalding tear; to look around on the wretched room, and mark the filthy straw serving as a poor substitute for a bed, the one bottomless chair, the rickety table, the fireless grate; to hear the shrill cry of little children for a morsel of bread, or the moan of the dying mother, who is almost beyond the power of help. Most true are Hood's words—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart!"

We feel convinced that proof of the actual condition of the very poor is all that is needed to call forth sympathy and help. We are told that once, One walked the earth, who, when He saw the multitude, had compassion upon them. This is the great thing. We are surrounded by myriads of poor, but, alas! we do not see them. We do not see their extreme privation, their utter helplessness, their affinities with ourselves, their mental and moral capacity, and their possible destiny; were we but to do so, our charity would flow forth in a life-giving stream. Two centuries back, our forefathers served their generation, and proved their patriotism by defending, at the risk of their lives, the liberties they held dear, and by winning, "at their sword's point, the free constitution we now enjoy." Happily we are not subjected to so severe a test; but still we can show our attachment to our country, and more than this, we can illustrate and commend the principles of our holy religion, by

seeking the outcast, by reclaiming the prodigal, by educating the ignorant, by sheltering the homeless, by feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked. This good and great work is within our grasp, and close at hand; it lies at our very doors, if we but seek it in earnest; while in so doing, we shall best prove ourselves the followers of Him who, when among men, was the *poorest of the poor*. On one occasion, the pious and charitable George Herbert, when walking from Bemerton to Salisbury, found a poor man and his horse in great distress—the horse fallen and the man unable to help him; he put off his clerical coat, and, good Samaritan-like, rendered the assistance required, and on presenting himself to his friends, covered with mire, instead of in his usual clean apparel, he met their wonder by saying, that the thought of what he had done would "*prove music to him at midnight*;" so, it will gladden our hearts in the darkest hours, and be a source of perennial satisfaction to us, if according to our several ability, we deliver the oppressed, succour the needy, and "*remember the forgotten*."

"How softly on the bruised heart

A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear-drop calls.

"Oh! if they know who walk the earth,
'Mid sorrow, grief, and pain,
The power that Christian kindness hath,
'Twere Paradise again."

H. B. I.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

PAINS, PATIENCE, AND PLEASURES.

"**W**HAT are these funny things, pa? They look like dry, dirty onions. What are they?"

"Lily bulbs, my dear," replied Mr. Hope to his daughter Amelia, who was handling a number of bulbs which lay in a paper on the edge of a flower-bed.

"What are you going to do with them, pa?" asked the inquisitive child.

"Plant them, my dear," said her father, as he dug up the border, and carefully prepared the ground.

"When will they come up?" asked Amelia.

"Next July."

"Next July? Oh, dear! That's a long time to wait. I like to plant things that come up directly."

"But suppose such beautiful lilies as those you admired so much last summer won't come up quickly, what then?"

"Well, then we must give them time, or go without them," replied Amelia, who was as bright as she was impatient.

"Very well put; my child," rejoined Mr. Hope; "and you will find that there are many other things more valuable than lilies, which can only be won through toil and patient waiting. For instance, my Amelia wishes to become an accomplished lady by and by, but she can only obtain her wish by spending many years of her girlhood in hard, patient study. Learning and skill will not come in a moment in response to lazy wishes. They must be planted, watched, watered, and worked for through many years."

Amelia drew a long sigh and ran off. She knew her father was right, and yet she foolishly said in her heart, "I wish pa wouldn't talk such prosy stuff to me."

The bulbs soon went out of Amelia's thoughts, which were very much like butterflies, rarely dwelling long on anything. Autumn and winter passed away, too, like a morning dream. A new summer came. One beautiful evening in July, Amelia, while passing down the walk in the rear of the house, exclaimed—

"Oh, pa, see! What splendid lilies! Such beauties! Here are some magnificent ones, and here

are some of the purest white ones I ever saw. They are perfectly beautiful. Where did they all come from?"

Mr. Hope smiled as, with his wife and little son, he joined the enraptured girl on the border.

"Amelia," he asked, "do you recollect seeing me at work here last autumn, planting bulbs?"

Amelia did recollect, after a few moments.

"Can you call to mind what I said to you then?"

"Something about patient waiting and study, wasn't it, papa?"

"Yes. I told you that many precious things come to us only through toil and patient waiting. To enjoy the beauty of these lilies I had to dig last year. I prepared the soil, and covered the bulbs with leaves when the cold weather came. This spring I had to remove the leaves and loosen the soil. Here is the result—some of the loveliest lilies you ever saw. Suppose I had been too idle to dig, or too impatient to wait so many months, should we have enjoyed the pleasure of gazing on these lilies to-day?"

"No, pa, of course not."

"I am glad you see that so clearly, my child. Let it teach you to be willing to pay the appointed price of all that is good on earth. Good things can only be won through much toil and patience. Work is the price we must pay for our food and raiment. Work or starve is God's law. Hard, patient study is the price of learning; long practice must precede skill; and even right character, though in its beginnings the gift of the Holy Spirit, can only be brought to maturity by means of much prayer, patient watching, and stern self-denial."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. To whom did John his third epistle write?
2. What prophet sent all idols from the land?
3. What idol bowed and fell before God's might?
4. Who slew his trusting friend with his own hand?
5. Whose seven sons vainly strove to follow Paul?
6. The father of a pious, gentle queen.
7. What noted ruler was convinced by Paul?
8. What man tried Paul from want and harm to screen?
9. Who boldly told King David of his guilt?
10. What son his royal father basely slew?
11. What priest an altar for King Ahaz built?
12. Who rose to honour, though a captive Jew?
13. What patriarch a falsehood told through fear?
14. The town whose ruin Nahum oft foretold.
15. What man was killed by one whom he held dear?
16. Who, waiting bribes, did Paul in prison hold?
17. Whose name shows forth the sorrows of his birth?
18. What woman long time held her fearful guard?
19. What prophet brought a time of fearful dearth?

When for long years the floods of heaven were barred.

Gentle and merciful to those
Who humbly seek his face,
God's wrathful fire will yet consume
The unbelieving race.

THE WINTER MORNING.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

TIS a frosty morning,
And the gentle snow
Is but thinly falling,
As the wind may blow.

Hey! 'tis healthy weather;
Let us all go out
For a while together,
Scampering about.

While the sleepy sluggards
Slumber in their beds,
We will breathe the freshness
Early morning sheds.

See the lanes and meadows,
Mantled all with white!
This was but the doing
Of a single night.

All the twigs and branches,
Spangled with the frost,
Gain in silver beauty,
For green glory lost.

Hark! the robin redbreast
Sings a grateful song,
For the crumbs we give him
All the winter long.

And the noisy sparrows
Chirp about the eaves,
Longing for the spring-time
And the pleasant leaves.

Now, above the hill-tops
Doth the sun arise,
With a crimson glory
Lighting up the skies.

On the frozen lakelet,
With a merry noise,
Glide the skilful skaters,
And the sliding boys.

Let us make a snow-man,
With the gathered snow,
Till we hear the school-bell
Warning us to go.

Then, before our lessons,
We'll, with hymn and prayer,
Thank our heavenly Father
For His love and care

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

TWILIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

"I would not pierce the mist that hides
Life's coming joy or sorrow;
If sweet content with me abides,
While onward still the present glides,
I think not of the morrow."

AMERICAN.



HE young people soon fell into conversation that rapidly beguiled the twilight hour—that hour when of all others it is sweet to sit with dear friends, and feel their friendship precious—when to the young, life seems to spread out beautifully before them, and the mist that hides the future is so irradiated by hope, that it becomes a kind of dazzling haze, inspiring no fear, but rather prompting all ardent enthusiasm—when love and friendship seem both triumphant and unchangeable. Something of this was felt in the circle at the parsonage.

The bringing in of the lamps broke the sweet spell, and then Marian was for hastening home, and the rest all agreed to accompany her. Marian and Gertrude fell to the curate's care, and Harriet and Mysie had each an arm of Allan's. Somehow Mrs. Maynard and Elmscroft appeared to be a subject very interesting to Allan, to judge by the pertinacity with which he questioned and listened to Mysie. We are by no means prepared to say that there was anything very intellectual in the conversation of any of the young people. It must be admitted that occasionally folks are pleased they know not why, and so it was on that evening; for when the clock struck ten—a late hour at the Chace—as Allan and Gertrude returned, he said, half to himself, "Want me to go to Scarborough! No; I'm too fond of Austwicke."

"Is that duty or inclination speaks, Orson?" cried Gertrude, using a favourite nickname.

"Both, dear True—both."

"Well for you then; you're a great lucky Orson—they don't agree together very often."

As the brother and sister lingered, arm-in-arm, near the newly-made archway, through which the moonbeams were sending long shafts of silver light, now and then made tremulous by the passing of a thin, filmy cloud, both were thinking pleasantly of the present and gaily of the future.

"What a great joy to papa it will be, to find Allan so willing to adopt all his favourite plans for improving the property," thought Gertrude.

"Gertrude is the same dear creature she ever was; surely she will not restrict her friendship to Marian Hope. Miss Grant is reckoned as a sister to Marian, surely Gertrude will like her as a friend quite as much." Then the young man tossed his head in a sort of audacious merriment, as if partly amused and partly surprised at his own thoughts, and began humming a tune.

At that moment both brother and sister were unaware that they were looked at by two persons from two

opposite points of view. A small casement, high up within the side of the arch, lighted a little room near Miss Austwicke's chamber. She had watched from her drawing-room her niece and nephew, as in the full moonlight they had come up the open path from the shrubbery gate, and then she lost sight of them again as they came into the shadow of the arch. Something—she knew not what—prompted her to mount alone to her bedroom, and leaving her chamber-candlestick on her toilet, to go into the dark, and look through the old casement, which had been left when the alterations were made. How changed was the once upright mien, the firm step, the dauntless carriage of the head, which had been Miss Austwicke's cherished characteristics. Now she seemed shrunk and collapsed—the very shade of her former self—as she crept close to the wall of the room, and gazed hopelessly, as if under some horrible fascination, out of the window. Yes, there they were, the happy young creatures. Allan "a true, stalwart Austwicke," as his wretched kinswoman even now mechanically muttered to herself, and Gertrude looking up at him, a fond sisterly pride in her dark eyes, which the slant moonbeam kissed, spiritualising her delicate loveliness. "How like she is to the picture of Dame Maud Austwicke!"

The evident *abandon* of peaceful enjoyment of the two smote on the watcher's heart as a something she could feel no more, utterly put away from her for ever—a something she was able to estimate the loss of; for she had once known the honourable calm of a life blameless towards man; had practised, at all events, worldly honour, and understood the cold dignity of its code. "*Bon sang ne ment pas*," was once her creed, and so, while trusting in it, she had been, by her very pride, drawn into meshes of concealment that had come to involve fraud, and to place her innocent relatives in the condition of impostors.

"Oh, that they may never know!" she gasped, striking her thin, clenched hands on her bosom. "I could never survive it—never—never!"

Up to where she stood came the soft, ringing cadence of Gertrude's sweet, rippling laughter, and Allan's loud, careless guffaw at something she had said. As if reeling from a blow, at that sound the wretched lady, moaning to herself, crept away to her bedroom.

Amid the ferns that filled a nook by the side of the arch nearest the domestic offices, lurked one who had been suddenly arrested as she was going towards Miss Austwicke's rooms, by hearing the voices of Gertrude and Allan, and who had involuntarily crept aside, thrust back by the sudden check of the avenger—Conscience. It was Ruth, who slunk away out of the moonlight into the shadow, not to listen, but simply to avoid the brother and sister. She, too, from her nook amid the thick canopy of rock-plants and ferns, gazed, spell-bound, at the two, so radiant in their youth and happiness. When they parted for the night, her eyes watched most intently the receding form of Gertrude

and a sigh of something like satisfaction was breathed by Ruth as she kept muttering to herself—

"It's all come right; there's no harm done; they'll never know—never."

Thus there were two watchers that night, venturing impotently to utter the word of Omnipotence—*never!* Ah! little did they know that even then one secret was being unearthed, which, like the loosening of a beam in a tottering building, was to bring down the whole fabric. Who would escape being crushed?

CHAPTER XLII.

A CLEAR SKY—ALL BUT.

"A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear;
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay. BYRON.

THE coming home of Allan was a most pleasant thing for all at the Chace and the parsonage, except one person. His return had infused a flush of colour, so to speak, into the hitherto pale life of Gertrude and her friend. It stimulated the activity of servants and the cheerfulness of tenants. When from her bedroom window, early in the morning, Gertrude saw the young heir leaving the grounds, and riding over the Chace towards one of the upland farms, and knew how welcome he would be to bluff Farmer Hewitt, or how he would cheer up gloomy Farmer Wapshot, she felt proud as well as fond of her brother.

"Austwick needs a young man like Allan to reknit the broken links of intercourse between landlord and tenant. Something of what Mr. Nugent talks of to Rupert Griesbach so anxiously, will now come to pass, I think, if Allan settles down here like his ancestors. Papa and mamma are spoiled for a country life; the one with his duties and the other with her pleasures." She checked her soliloquy, and went to her writing-table, where often from a very early hour she was accustomed to employ herself. Gertrude was finishing a drawing on this particular morning, and Ruth, at seven o'clock, brought in a cup of coffee. She had become a privileged attendant, and her young mistress asked her—

"Have you seen my aunt yet? Was it illness, or low spirits merely, that prevented her seeing or dining with us yesterday?"

"What-like is worse, miss, than low spirits?" said Ruth, rather evasively.

"To have a real cause for them, Ruth, as poverty or pain."

"Hech! that's just as the heart feels;" and, avoiding any other words, Ruth left the room.

At breakfast-time Allan returned with a wonderful appetite, and in great spirits. The brother and sister chatted over the small talk of the district—who was married, and who dead; until, having gone the circuit of the tenantry, they returned to the parsonage.

"The curate will, of course, have the living when the vicar dies."

"I should think papa intends it," answered Gertrude, "for I know he likes him, and thinks, as I do, that it is a great thing for the parish to have such a clergyman."

"How young his sister is, True; why, I did not recognise her. I thought she had been years older."

"Oh, it is another sister you have seen—Amelia, who is now married and settled at Winchester: she it was kept his house when you were here before. I don't think you ever saw Amelia with her bonnet off. Harriet is his youngest sister, who came from Mrs. Maynard's a year ago. She and Mysie Grant were schoolfellows, and are great friends. He has a nervous old aunt, poor soul! who never appears to company, but who matronises the establishment since Amelia's marriage. Marian says she goes often to the parsonage to see her."

There was an arch look in Gertrude's eyes.

"She's fonder, then, of nervous old aunts than I am," laughed Allan.

"For shame, Allan. Aunt Honor was all that an aunt should be to us when we were children."

"Well, she's by no means all she should be now to us, or to any one else."

"I can't think what has altered her."

"Having nothing to do: that is the ruin of you women."

"Upon my word! And what hard study or hard work, pray, have you, or hound reds like you?"

"Oh, I and others find or make a pursuit in life; but I can't think how ever women-folk, that is, those who haven't to work for their living—their lot is hard enough—get over their time. Berlin and crochet, visiting and dressing, novel-reading, scandal, and doctoring, eh?"

"Exercising saintly patience with men's impertinence and self-laudation; oh, that's work for a lifetime."

"You forget Aunt Honor hasn't exercised herself in that way."

"She hasn't exhausted her energies, I grant, in the employments you name, Allan; for even Berlin wool, poor soul! has failed her of late. But I never expected you, Allan, to turn satirist. You absolutely provoke me to ask you whether the important pursuit of colouring a pipe, which I'm told is an engrossing work of art with many gentlemen of the present day, is really such an evidence of their loftier pursuits in life?"

"I could almost fancy, Gertrude, you had heard Rupert Griesbach's diatribes against tobacco. Confess, now, he was your authority for that speech."

Gertrude's face flushed crimson as she rose from the table hastily, saying—

"How intensely hot it is, Allan." Then, returning, her manner on a sudden becoming very demure, she said, "And you know Mr. Griesbach, do you?"

"Of course I do—both at Winchester and Oxford. He was a sort of dry stick—not much pith or spring in him; but a good fellow, though terribly addicted to hard reading, fond, too, of silence, and all that sort of thing. Though that's no wonder, considering the queer family he belongs to."

"I have seen Dr. Griesbach at Lady Pentreal's. He's a dear, kind man. I owe it to him that I was released from Miss Webb's school three years ago. I might never have had Marian for my friend, or known half the happiness I have, but for his kind prescription."

'This little girl wants home comforts,' said he; and the little girl, grown bigger, thanks him, and wishes him all joy in a clever son, even if that son is as dry as a stick."

"Faith, Rupert's uncle, or kinsman, a German Professor, is more likely than the Doctor, by all accounts, to be proud of a clever descendant. He is such a character!"

"Who—this kinsman?"

"Yes; a great chemist and electrician, mighty in gases and all the physical-ologies. A philosopher, who buries himself, like the necromancers of old, in a wood. But I must say agricultural chemistry owes a great deal to him. I wish he could be unearthed; but it's useless, I'm told, trying. He discovers, others demonstrate—perhaps, will wear the laurels he has planted: it's very likely."

The conversation was interrupted by the removal of the breakfast things; and a message came from Miss Austwicke that she could see her nephew, if he was disengaged, for ten minutes that morning.

"Now, that is considerate of Aunt Honor," said Allan to his sister.

"What, the interview, Allan?"

"No, True, the limitation."

Gertrude shook her head seriously.

"I am grieved about Aunt Honor. Some trouble—"

"Pooh! You girls are so romantic. You dignify all sorts of whims with the name of 'sorrows.' I tell you, a good drive or ride across the country behind or on a fast-trotting horse would cure such vapours."

He went away with a cheery laugh that well became his young, comely face—a creature who seemed to defy the touch of care. Somehow, as Gertrude looked after him, a strange thrill of fear ran through her sensitive frame.

"He is so gay, so handsome, so confident of his future. Surely, surely, nothing but good can come to him." A shadow fell across her as she stood, and Ruth approached, curtseying.

"I came to ask you, Miss Gertrude, to speak for me to Mrs. Martin. I want a holiday to-morrow, please."

"Certainly, Ruth, I'll ask Martin, if you wish it; but why not ask her yourself?"

"Because she won't refuse you, miss."

The woman sighed as she spoke—a rather common habit with her—and Gertrude was struck by an extra gloom in the pale, stolid face. Her pity invariably outran her other faculties, and she went instantly to the housekeeper, so wording her request that it must be complied with.

"Martin, I wish Ruth to have a holiday to-morrow."

"To be sure, Miss True. But I must say as holidays aint what I approves on. They're upsettin'; and if the servants as is staid-like takes 'em, they skittish pieces o' goods—or bads, I calls 'em—'ull be all folloring cry, like the hounds in the Austwicke Hunt, and no stopping 'em."

Gertrude laughed at the old servant, and left her with a cheerful word. She gave Ruth the permission for the holiday, and encountered, on her return from the servants' region, Marian in the hall. Miss Hope held

a newspaper in her hand, and, after the first greetings, said—

"My father sends this Glasgow paper for Mr. Allan. There's news of the progress of the railway through Glower O'er estates, which he thought your brother would like to see; and something, too, about a discovery of relics by the excavators. I have not read it."

"No chance of Roman amphoræ, or tessellated pavement, or, better still, buried treasure in that bleak and barren part of old Scotland," answered Gertrude, linking her arm in Marian's, and laying the newspaper, without looking at it, carelessly, as she passed, on the table in the library. They went to their morning room, and were soon deep in a translation of Schiller.

How lightly had Gertrude carried and laid down that newspaper, which was a winged arrow from the quiver of Providence to her! The ancient record of "a certain man who drew a bow at a venture," and smote on the vulnerable part of the adversary's armour, was applicable here.

Meanwhile, the unconscious girl, happy in her pursuits with her friend, new sources of joy silently springing in the depths of her heart, bent her fair head over her books; a little, it may be, too intent to get a certain portion done in a given time, to be quite as accurate and painstaking as on some mornings. Indeed, she said—

"I'm working, Marian, this morning to effect a compromise, so as to satisfy duty first, and then yield to inclination."

"There's a great many such compromises, dear True; but why not yield, for once, to inclination this fine day, and lay aside books altogether?"

"I will when Allan comes," was the reply.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A MORNING VISIT.

"Idle hope

And dire remembrance interlope,

To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:

The bubble floats before, the spectre walks behind."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ALLAN AUSTWICKE'S swift, elastic step, so significant of the gaiety and confidence of youth, brought him into his aunt's presence like a fresh breeze diffusing health and cheerfulness. But just as she had contrived, by having all the blinds of the windows closed, to darken the room and exclude the light, then she seemed to shrink away and ensconce herself in the depths of an arm-chair, at the remotest corner of the apartment from the door at which Allan entered. He stopped a moment and looked round, like one groping in the dark—the contrast was so great between the brightness of the summer day without and the gloom within Miss Austwicke's drawing-room.

"Where are you, Aunt Honor? Why one would think you were playing at hide and seek, as I recollect you have done in old days with me."

Could it ever be possible that she had played in childlike fashion with her brother's children? was the thought which struck out a sigh, as Miss Austwicke,

without rising, held out her hand tremulously, and said—

"Ah! 'old days,' as you call them, seem more distant to me than to you. Time has, only as yet, made life more pleasant to you. To me, Allan, of course, it is different. I am glad you have such health and spirits."

"Yes, Aunt Honor," said the young man, good-naturedly; "and we must get you out; you're too shut up here. Now I am come, I shall be wanting to show you all sorts of new devices, that will interest you about the place. I mean to throw myself right heartily into country work—rusticate in the best fashion."

"What! and entirely give up all thought of following your father's profession?"

"Certainly: I mean to follow my grandfather's pursuits, and you, of all people, must approve that."

"I have heard you, Allan, when a mere boy, talk rather superciliously of a country life."

"That, to speak plainly, Aunt Honor, was when there was no prospect of a living for me in a country life, else I always liked it well enough, and marvelled at De Lacy Austwicke—poor fellow!—with his foreign education, being such a bookworm as we heard he was."

"Poor fellow! oh, that he had lived!" exclaimed Miss Austwicke, in such accents of sorrow, that Allan hastened to change the conversation by saying—

"Well, aunt, if you have been brought so to admire the law, you must be glad of my father's success—so cosy and quiet; nothing brilliant, but immensely comfortable."

"Yes, that is why I am disappointed at your not following in his track. Everything is so changeable and uncertain; but the law lasts."

"And the land lasts."

"Does it?" said Miss Austwicke, dreamily.

"Why, of course. The ground to till, and man to till it, was the first possession and occupation, and will be the last; or, at all events, will remain to the last," laughed Allan. "You don't surely think that the Austwicke acres will be swallowed up by an earthquake, or submerged by the sea. The fact is, aunt, you're too much alone, and that makes you hippish. You must have True more with you. What a capital bit of goods she is—I mean our True; and not so little neither."

"She is still very undersized."

"A fairy, not a pigmy, aunt. But there's lots of fun, and oceans of good sense in her. She can afford to spare me some of the latter."

"Yes," said Miss Austwicke, absently; and Allan, rather annoyed that his aunt seemed so grudging in her praise, and had, as he justly concluded, exiled Gertrude from her, waxed warm in his eulogium—

"She's such a frank, honest little creature!"

As if stung by the words, Miss Austwicke rose from her chair, and walked a pace or two.

"Since when, Allan, has it been needful to praise a lady's honesty, or—" she said, inquiringly, and then, suddenly checking herself, stood trembling.

"Oh, I don't, of course, praise True for qualities which it would be infamous not to have; but with some there's such a locking-up of their excellences, only

bringing them out on special occasions, that they're like slatterns, who only mount their best clothes when there's some one to see them."

"Upon my word, Allan, I don't know or care what such objectionable people as slatterns do," replied Miss Austwicke, glad to seize hold of a word.

"Well, well, do, pray, Aunt Honor, pick out my meaning, not my words. True keeps her good qualities for home use, and that makes her so pleasant."

Every word the young man uttered was a rasp that galled the melancholy woman, and increased the chasm that seemed to be every moment widening between her nephew and herself. She resolved to bring the brief interview to an end, and said, with more of her old definiteness than she had yet used—

"Well, Allan, I'm glad to have seen you. You must not wonder that I keep pretty closely to my own apartments. The world has so changed since I was your age, that we have but little in common."

"Why, Aunt Honor, one would think you were a hundred years old to hear you talk, instead of a lady only about the age of mamma. Besides, some changes in this age are so good. Think of the bleak, stony acres of hill-side round Glower O'er bringing cash to pay off encumbrances on Austwicke's rich pastures."

"I can't rejoice in the Austwicke family being helped from such a quarter. We see the same things, Allan, from a different point of view," said Miss Austwicke, stiffly.

"My dear aunt, if I shut out the light as you are now doing," pointing, as he spoke, to the closed blinds, "I should see things in a gloomy light, if I saw them at all."

"Ah! you speak with the over-confidence, the presumption, I may say, of youth," rejoined Miss Austwicke, rousing herself, and raising her voice as if she would call anger to her aid, to cover her weakness. "Let me tell you, that a young man who was originally designed for an honourable profession, in which his father could assist him, and who, on the first change of circumstances, throws up his studies, and takes, in an over-confident spirit, to a new vocation, and rallies every one who advises him, is not beginning right, according to my views. I may be, as you most politely imply, prejudiced or foolish; but in my young days reverence and faith were not wholly subverted."

Miss Austwicke was now launching into disparaging comparisons of the present with the past—on which she would be fluent, as Allan knew, and so the young man, rather glad that he had roused her out of her depression into something like her former self, good-naturedly listened to a long harangue, which he thought would do her good to utter.

And he was right in one thing: they parted better friends than they had met. Had he stepped back again a minute after leaving his aunt's presence, he would have found her with her weary head dropped into her hands, rocking herself backward and forward, in the vain hope of stilling the gnawing that throbbed at her heart, as she repeated to herself, "How will it end for him, poor fellow! Can it all be safe?"

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOAT."—(NINTH LIST.)

[We shall be glad if those who are still collecting for the Lifeboat Fund will kindly send in their amounts as soon as possible, as our list must very shortly be closed.]

£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Acknowledged in No. 29	17 7	Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Tree,	1 6
M. G. Islington	0 3 0	Mr. Herbert, 4, Glen Harren,	0 3
Wm. J. Pink, Northfleet	1 19 0	A. W. Sadgrove, Lee	0 10
Richmond	0 8 0	A. Sallor's sister, Gerraans	0 10
Master F. Kuse, St. Albans	0 2 6	Mrs. J. Esenden, Dover	0 10
L. S. Newton, Alfred Street	0 3 8	Charles Groves, Teunmouth	0 1
H. Hewett, Reigate	0 8 0	Louisa Bye, Marlow Road	0 4 2
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L. S. Colchester	0 3 6	James Clarke, Prestwich	0 2 0
Mr. Donaldson, Liverpool	0 3 0	John Cliff, Sheerness	1 7 7
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J. J. Walker, Edinburgh	0 3 0	Mrs. Hampton, Windsor	0 2 0
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Popple Alexander, London	0 2 0	workpeople at Messrs R.	0 1 5
P. J. Powick, Kidderminster	4 7 6	Thos. Smith, Westbury	0 4 6
L. F. Surlston	0 2 0	Mary Thomas, Ardwick	0 2 0
H. B. Hussey, Tottenham	0 2 0	W.	0 2 0
Court Road	0 2 0	Jane A. Pittard, Belvedere Rd.	0 10
W. P. Dalton	0 2 0	Mrs. Mary M. Dickson, Belfast	0 7 10
E. P. Patrick, Ripon	0 2 0	A. W. Burton, Great	0 1 5
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Sunday School	0 2 0	J. H. Woodford, London	0 1 5
John M. King, Oxford	0 12 4	Kate Chapman, Bury St. Ed-	10 0 1
J. Conitt, Baywater	0 14 6	K. W. New North Road	0 2 0
J. S. Hulme	0 1 8	S. C. Hubbard, among fellow-	0 2 0
Arthur and Stanley Cooper,	0 2 0	Harris and Sons, Leicester	0 8 0
Maidenhead	0 2 0	Mr. Conner, Lambeth	0 2 0
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John Farrer, Thurnholme	0 2 0	J. Browning, Rodborough	0 4 6
Elisabeth Grace, Hadley Green	0 2 0	M. J. G. Elmsford	0 1 0
M. Osborne, Hawkhurst	0 2 0	F. W. Ockburn	0 1 0
E. M. Parsons, Doncaster	0 2 0	R. Hewett, Hull	0 3 0
C. Alexander Manchester	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
W. A. Cairns, Newcastle-on-	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Tyne	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
E. Baker, Chester	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss Roberts, Barnsbury	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
George Hammett, Hanley	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
James Morley, Deptford	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
G. Hunt, Trowbridge	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
M. E. Miller, Newport Pagnell	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
A. Randle, Plymouth	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Wm. Morris, Wisenden	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Wm. David Fish, London	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss Alice Armstrong, Old	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Lepton	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
H. Craigie, West Derby Road	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Wm. Saling, Nottingham	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Edward Cooper, Portman	0 13 11	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Square	0 13 11	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss J. Beresford, Woodhouse,	0 6 8	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Pilltown	0 6 8	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss A. Bayard, 1 Station	0 6 8	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Garden	0 6 8	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss Doris, Colchester	0 3 4	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Retribution	0 3 4	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
G. F. Beazley, Litchhouse	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Field	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
John Wilcock, Jun., Riccar-	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
tonby	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
F. C. Old Charlton	0 13 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss F. Middleton, Barking	0 13 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
D. Nicholls, Thomas St., E.	0 6 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
E. N. Prew, Landport	0 1 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
—, Rosemond Cottage, Ful-	0 3 10	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
ham	0 3 10	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Anne Bannister, Brumpton,	0 1 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
the contributions of R. and	0 1 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
G. T. Edington, St. John's	1 3 2	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Wood	0 7 2	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
"In Memoriam," Thomas	0 2 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
—, Brompton	0 2 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Emily Waller, Clingstone	0 10 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
J. M. Young, Pentonville Rd.	1 0 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
F. Plumley, Baywater	1 0 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
"The Nines," Attenborough,	0 10 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Savary Manor	0 10 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
E. J. Best, Poplar	0 6 8	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
John and Jane Leeming, Bir-	0 7 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
kenhead	0 7 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
J. Bagley, Chesterfield	0 7 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss Jewitt, Cheltenham	0 7 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Thomas Waller, Salford	0 7 6	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
M. A. Le Fevre, Gurnsey	0 1 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
John Woods, Aylsam	1 4 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
John Brown, King's Lynn	1 4 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
—, Halifax	1 4 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Thos. Hare, 7, Stony Stratford	0 7 2	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
J. L. Snows Nasing	0 7 2	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
An old Peninsular Man, one	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
of the same, and a Friend	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Thomas Church, Leeds	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
John Lee, Upper Rydenham	0 2 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
E. R. Cleary, 11, H. H. H.	0 11 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss L. E. Acres, Barnet	0 14 2	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
Miss L. Milton, Lansport	0 10 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0
—, Walton Lodge, Clifton	0 10 0	W. G. Outhwaite, Barking	0 3 0

Total